PS 2539
.P54 W4
1884
Copy 1

WELDED LINKS

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS.

Chap. PS2639 Copyright No.

Shelf .P54W4 1884

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

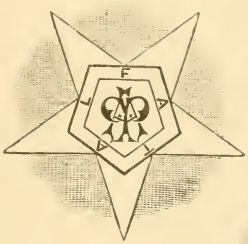
WELDED LINKS,

BY

P. ANNETTA PECKHAM.

Morning awaking illumines the scene
Where death had been reigning, angels convene,
And in their chaste robes, to Mary, proclaim
The links are all welded in life's golden
chain.

SECOND EDITION



OCT 22 1884
199670

NEW YORK:

PUBLISHED BY P. ANNETTA PECKHAM,

1884.

PS2539
P54W4
1884

Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1884,
By P. ANNETTA PECKHAM,
In the office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

INDEX.

	PAGE.
Broken Links,	9
Gone and Left Us,	14
Have We Treasures in Heaven?	16
The Old Home,	18
Destiny,	21
Contentment,	23
Abba Father,	25
They Have Borne Away My Treasure,	27
Sinai,	29
Where to Lay Me when I Die,	31
Life Harmonic,	33
Loved and Lost,	36
The Hypochondriac,	38
My Sister,	40
Let There be Light,	43
The Sewing Girl,	47
A Mother's Lament,	50
Magdalena,	53
A Common Heritage,	56

PAGE

The Origin of Life, ... 59
In Memoriam, ... 61
At a Dilapidated Grave in Lone Mountain, . . 63
Mother, ... 65
Can I be Fickle. 67
Things to Avoid, ... 70
Our Darling, ... 72
A Wife's Plea, ... 75
My Father's Grave, ... 79
The Outcast, ... 81
I Wish I were Dead, ... 87
California, ... 90
Another Outcast, ... 91
To a Friend, ... 93
Christmas, ... 95
To a Husband, ... 97
The Foundling, ... 99
Three Links—Resignation, Faith and Hope, . . 104
To Masonry, ... 106
Retrospection and Annunciation, . . . 110
Woman, ... 113

PAGE

NIGHT, ... 117

CAST YOUR BREAD UPON THE WATERS, . . . 120

SOLAR RAYS, ... 124

DECORATION DAY, ... 126

DEDICATED TO THE AUTHOR OF TEUCHSA GRONDIE, . 129

CHANGING SEASONS, ... 131

PROVERB, ... 132

TO A PANSY, ... 133

NEVER FAILING GUIDE, ... 136

AN ONLY SON, ... 139

MAXIM, ... 141

NOTHING BUT ASHES, ... 142

FIRST GREAT CAUSE, ... 147

SABBATH, ... 150

NOTHING LOST, ... 152

THE SERPENT OF THE STILL, ... 155

RUM AND ITS VICTIMS, ... 158

WOMAN'S WORK, ... 165

RUM-SELLER, ... 168

GOD IN NATURE, ... 172

AMERICAN SLAVES, ... 177

PAGE

In Memory of H. C. K., ... 180

Woman's Appeal, ... 182

Upper Columbia River, ... 184

Our Country, ... 187

Nature's Offering, ... 192

WELDED LINKS.

BROKEN LINKS.

OWN in the valley, so humble and low,
Where the cool, purling streamlets limpidly flow,
Sad hearts are sighing from memory's refrain,
For the links that are broken in life's golden
chain.

Up on the mountains, ambition is rife,
And hearts are aglow with fervor and strife;
There, souls are weeping with anguish and pain,
For the links that are broken, in life's golden
chain.

In hovel and palace alike there is woe,
Death, on his mission, doth everywhere go ;
No place so hallowed, but that there is pain,
For the links that are broken, in life's golden
chain.

All over the land, wherever we roam,
Or wherever man shall find him a home,
Till the ending of time, he will complain
For the links that are broken, in life's golden
chain.

God of our Fathers! oh give us that rest,
Where we may gather again to our breast,
Each of our loved ones, so cruelly slain,
And count the links perfect, in life's golden
chain.

Eve, in affliction, bowed down in her grief,
Her only adornment a simple fig leaf;
And in her bereavement, how sadly complained,
For the links that were broken, in life's golden
chain.

She heard in the breath of the soft summer breeze,
Wafting a message through fairest of trees —
A shriek of distress, from over the plain,
For the link that was broken, in life's golden
chain.

Her offspring dishonored, humbled in pride,
While dark crimson stains his conscience had dyed,
And nature caught up the echoing strain,
For the link that was broken in life's golden
chain.

And bearing its tones through ambient air,
Heaven heard the echo and wail of despair,
And swift from His throne the Infinite came,
For the link that was broken in life's golden
chain.

Down through the ages, the cycles of time
Have borne on their pinions in every clime,
Echoes from Eden, fresh freighted with pain,
For the links that were broken in life's golden
chain.

Again, in a garden, the mightiest wail
Which could the high courts of Heaven assail,
Was wrung from the Son of God in His pain,
For the link that seemed broken in life's golden
chain.

So great was the anguish, earth felt the pain,
And in her convulsions, rocks rended in twain,
And a pall hung o'er the dark Gethsemane,
For the link that was broken in life's golden
chain.

Morning, awaking, illumines the scene,
Where death had been reigning, angels convene,
And in their chaste robes, to Mary, proclaim,
The links are all welded in life's golden
chain.

GONE AND LEFT US.

GONE, yes, he has gone, and left us,
In this world of pain and woe;
Gone to join the hosts of Heaven,
Where eternal pleasures flow.

He has passed death's pearly portals,
Passed the sentry at the gate,
Passed into the life elysian,
Where attending angels wait.

There, the soul advances higher
In each noble thought and aim;
And the music of the lyre,
Is the progress we attain.

Happy they, who've passed death's portals—
Happy all who've gone before;
Death is but the open gate-way—
To the joys of Heaven the door.

Death, the kindly friend of mortals,
Is no foe we should berate;
He gives a palace for a hovel,
For filthy rags, a grand estate.

He puts a crown on every forehead—
A crown of bliss, that all can wear;
For in our Heavenly Father's mansion
Every child may have a share.

Then let us all, with kindly feeling,
Pity each the other's woe;
And for every brother's error
Let us great compassion show.

HAVE WE TREASURES IN HEAVEN?

HAVE we treasures in Heaven, laid up in store,
'Gainst the time when earth shall know us no more?
'Gainst the time when a summons shall call us away,
To leave with our form but perishing clay?
Have we treasures in Heaven?

Have we treasures in Heaven, mortals of earth--
Treasures awaiting our spiritual birth?
Treasures so precious, and of value so rare,
Their worth shall conquer the fears of despair?
Have we treasures in Heaven?

Have we treasures in Heaven? What have we done,
To cause in our passport the welcome word "come"?
Have we wiped off the tear from sorrowful eye?
Or cheered the dark pathway of any who die?
Have we treasures in Heaven?

Have we treasures in Heaven? Comfort we here
The weak and the weary, who tremble with fear?
And lift from the heart that's weighed down with care,
The cause of its grief and cause of despair?
Have we treasures in Heaven?

Have we treasures in Heaven? Mortals who weep
For the loved ones who slumber in death's cold sleep?
They wait you beyond, in that beautiful clime.
Where they have o'ercome the sorrows of time.
We have treasures in Heaven.

THE OLD HOME.

I CAME again where once was home:
The rose its perfume shed,
And lilies bloomed along the banks,
Where water courses sped.

The fish still played within the brook,
And swam the pebbles o'er;
And birds still sang in every nook,
The tunes they did of yore.

The old house sat upon the hill
The same as when a child;
The woodbine clambered o'er the door,
Untrained, unkempt, and wild.

The fence around the garden gate,
Was also broken down ;
The little steps I used to climb,
Could now, no where be found.

I thought the garden was not kept
Just as it used to be ;
The trees and shrubs were not well trimmed,
At least, so seemed to me.

I wandered in the little path,
Up to the kitchen door ;
A strange cat played upon the mat,
Strange children on the floor.

I looked around upon the wall,
Strange pictures met my gaze ;
And stranger faces on me looked,
In still more strange amaze.

I asked them for the friends I loved,
In early years gone by:
These strangers, with averted look,
And with a half drawn sigh,—

But pointed to a distant hill,
Where I some mounds could see;
And hence, the garden is not kept,
Just as it used to be.

DESTINY.

BY what strange power to us is given,
The life, for which we have not striven,
Yet held responsible?
Developed from unconscious state,
Brought into life a being great—
Commensurate with God.

This power which first our life controlled,
Is the great Author of our soul;
And is our first prime cause:
And shall He have of us less care,
Since we His conscious creatures are,
And He our Father God?

The world He holds at His command,
Sun, moon and stars rest in His hand,
And man His greatest care;
Submissive to this God is man,
And only second, in the plan
Of all His wondrous works.

Brought into life for noble cause,
A part and parcel of God's laws,
Which cannot be destroyed;
With His existence ours shall run,
Though wane the earth and fade the sun,
Triumphant still is man.

What matter where in space he dwell,
Jupiter, Venus, Mars, or hell,
Since God reigns everywhere?
He fills immensity of space,
Where He is not, there is no place,
And where He is, there's Heaven.

CONTENTMENT.

CONTENTMENT'S found in perfect rest,
Where all the passions of the breast
Are fully satisfied;
No passion, thought, or good to gain,
No filthy lucre to attain —
Man sits him down to die.

Without ambition in our life,
The world would cease its busy strife,
And man a sluggard be:
The fields would ne'er produce their grain,
Birds never sing a joyful strain,
Nor children leap for joy.

The swelling sea would cease to moan,
And utter never more a groan
From out her heaving breast:
Would never meet the sanded shore,
With tiny wave or boisterous roar,
If all were satisfied.

God never rests, nor stands He still
In all the workings of His will;
The worlds move on apace:
Sun, moon and stars but circle round,
As the Infinity hath found
They best may serve His plan.

Most wonderful in all this plan
Of conscious thought, is restless man,
With impress of Divinity;
And as his Maker does not rest,
So in man's active, restless breast,
Contentment is not found.

ABBA FATHER.

LLIMITABLE, incomprehensible, something,
Which we call God,
Filling all space, abiding in all things,
Moving the mighty universe —
Noiseless and unseen ;
Soul of all things,
Essence of all life,
Prime cause of all that was, and is to come;
Whose home !
Is in the blade of grass,
The trembling leaflet,
And the boisterous sea.

Whose voice!
The infant's wail,
The maiden's song,
And thunder's loudest crash;
Whose breath!
May blast the fairest flower;
Whose look!
May wither in an hour;
Whose love!
None can compare;
Whose name —
Not knowing what to call,
Creating each, and ruling all,
We call him Abba Father.

THEY HAVE BORNE AWAY MY TREASURE.

THEY have borne away my treasure—
Borne my treasure far away,
And have left him cold and lifeless,
Where there's naught but common clay.

They have borne away my treasure,
Torn him from my fond embrace,
And I saw him in a casket,
Like a prison form encased.

They have borne away my treasure,
Rudely sundered every tie;
Lacerated all the feelings,
Which in human bosoms lie.

They have borne away my treasure,
Mystic forms I could not see —
Borne him to a blessed Eden,
Where he only waits for me.

They have borne away my treasure —
There are treasures gone before,
And I know they're waiting for me,
Waiting on the mystic shore.

SINAI.

THE vaulted heavens trembled with fear,
When God on Sinai appeared,
And Moses wrote the law.
The earth with dreadful terror shook,
And Moses dared not even look,
From whence the voice came forth.

The sleeping rocks heard his command,
And passive did not dare to stand
Before his majesty;
They raised their heads, and bowed in fear,
While on their stolid breasts, appeared
God's holy written law.

The sacred Mount, too, hid her face,
And trembled in her rocky base,
When God her bosom pressed;
She vailed her face in smoke, and fire,
As louder rung the mystic lyre,
Throughout eternal space.

Thunders, and lightning rent the air—
God's awful majesty was there—
Loud blew the trumpet blast;
The people quaked with dreadful fear,
Nor to the mountain dare draw near,
But moved them far away.

Darkness obscured each ray of light,
And, in the smoking mountain height,
Moses drew near to God;
His high behest to him was given—
The law to man, from God in heaven,
Was given on Sinai.

WHERE TO LAY ME WHEN I DIE.

NOT where gay and gorgeous splendor,
Rear their palaces around,
Nor where architectural beauty,
Decorates the sacred mound.

But where humble bells are chiming,
Music sweet doth softly flow,
Where the birds shall sing their carols,
Free from sorrow, pain and woe.

Where the wild flowers shed their fragrance,
On the summer's balmy air,
Where there's laughing, limpid streamlets —
When I die, please lay me there.

Lay me where the fragrant flowers,
Bloom above my lonely head ;
Where the grass shall wave my welcome—
Wave a welcome for the dead.

THE LIFE HARMONIC.

WHAT consolation it doth lend,
To know we have a human friend,
Whose impulse is at least in part,
Accordant with our own.
How then, we brave the ills of life,
Through all the weary, anxious strife,
Of time's eventful years.

What hope, what cheer, rise in the soul,
As we approach the final goal
Of life's supreme delight;
Where human friendship does not end,
Where friend in concert with a friend,
Pursue their course together.

This was the bliss that Eden knew,
Whose fruits, supernal ever grew
Upon the tree of life.
'Tis this, that makes the roses bloom,
And gives to each their sweet perfume,
That scents the morning air.

'Tis this, that gives the violet's hue,
And beauty in the sparkling dew,
Before the rising sun.
'Tis this that weaves the woof of day,
And by the sun's effulgent ray
Dispels the gloom of night.

'Tis this harmonic life within,
That compensates for all of sin,
From which we suffer here;
It makes the crooked pathway straight,
And in the things we loathe, and hate,
Find something to admire.

It turns the world all upside down,
In theories on which we frown,
Still find there's something good.
Poor Judas served a purpose well,
And Peter, who a lie did tell,
Was still beloved of God.

God's handiwork the worlds proclaim;
'Twas by His fiat that there came
Each creature into life;
And in his sphere, each praise his God
As perfectly as they who've trod
The better walks of life.

LOVED AND LOST.

DID he love me? ah well I knew,
Than his, was never love more true;
And he could tell by the swelling sigh,
That none, more truly loved than I.

Our souls like one, were knit together,
In bonds so strong that none could sever,
Nor is there aught of human ill,
That can such true devotion chill.

Fierce tempests hurled their rudest blast,
And in our souls, dark shadows cast,
Which love, with all her potent power,
Could not dispel, in that dread hour.

Thus stood we helpless in the gale,
Which did two loving souls assail ;
And calmly looked at the frowning sky,
Which brought but sure destruction nigh.

He drew me closer to his breast,
His lips on mine a kiss impressed,
And in that last farewell embrace
My *bitter* tears bedewed his face.

With anguish then, my soul was wrung,
Hopes, to the bitter winds were flung,
Birds told of sorrow when they sung,
And life indeed was desolate.

THE HYPOCHONDRIAC.

DEAD to me all of life's treasures,
Dead, the friends of life's early morn,
Dead to me life's joys and sorrows,
Dead to me, its rose and its thorn.

Dead to me, sunshine and shadow,
Dead to me, life's tempest and storm,
Dead to me all of life's pleasures,
Dead, are all I've cherished so long.

Dead to me, the sneer of kindred,
Dead the taunt of life's jolly throng;
Dead to me the purling streamlet,
Dead to me the music of song.

Dead to me the glee of childhood,
Dead to me the beauty of youth,
Dead, all the grandeur of manhood,
Dead to me pure womanly worth.

Dead, to every aspiration,
Dead, to every noble aim ;
Dead, but to the hell within me,
Dead hangs the pall upon my brain.

What a curse must be this fellow —
What a blight upon the earth —
What a walking, stalking shadow,
To have had from woman birth.

MY SISTER.

MY sister was sweet and charmingly fair
With eyes like diamonds, and light golden hair;
Her mouth was encircled with jewels of pearl,
And she was an artless, and innocent girl.

My sister was good, none purer than she,
For she was as pure as Heaven could be;
The breath of her soul, was fragrance so sweet,
That angels might even bow down at her feet.

She saw but in man, the good, and the fair,
Nor dreamed that her soul could taste of despair;
She thought that the world was an Eden of bliss,
Nor dreamed that a serpent might lurk in a kiss.

She thought that the world was the fairest of bowers,
And had not a thorn 'mong all its flowers ;
She dreamed that their fragrance only would shed,
Like perfume from heaven, a crown on her head.

She thought that in man was nothing but truth
And yielded to him all the beauty of youth ;
Gave up her soul, with all that was fair,
And reaped but the fruits of bitter despair.

My sister is scorned, and hissed with contempt —
This beautiful flower the tempest has bent ;
Bowed is her head, in the deepest of woe,
Which into the soul of a woman can flow.

The rose in her cheek is pale with despair,
And the light in her eye has faded with care ,
She sees in the world but darkness and gloom,
And her Eden of bliss turned into a tomb.

My sister! ah who can deny her the name?
Where is the first one to censure or blame?
If Jesus were here, I think He alone
Might faultlessly cast at my sister a stone.

LET THERE BE LIGHT.

LET there be light!
And there was heard,
A breath along the leaden air
Which stirred it into life.
It pierced the deadly, deepest gloom,
Which made this world a mouldering tomb
Without an occupant.

Let there be light!
And with it came
Unnumbered forms of every name,
Filling the earth and air;
And that which just before, had been
A shapeless, lifeless, useless thing,
Now bore a beauteous form.

Let there be light!
Again was heard;
And darkness from its depths was stirred—
Man came upon the scene:
A being likened unto God,
And pure as they who first had trod
The upper courts of Heaven.

Let there be light!
And man was crowned;
With solemn stillness all around,
A fairy creature came:
Her form was shapely and divine,
More beautiful than all the kind
Which peopled earth or Heaven.

Let there be light!
Harmonic force,
In all the beauties of its course,
Produced a *perfect* man;

Though in an humble manger born,
The Eastern star the place adorned,
And shone o'er Nazareth.

Let there be light!
And swiftly came
From science and from art a flame
Which set the world aglow;
Its silver beams and golden ray
Dispelled the clouds, and mists away,
Which shrouded human minds.

Let there be light!
Intolerance fled;
And persecution's direful tread
No more caused dread alarm.
The reckless, clamorous, thoughtless clan,
Became as peaceful as a lamb,
By truth and science led.

Let there be light!
And from his throne,
The Demon, which the world had owned
And worshiped as a God,
Now, sank into oblivious shade,
While science truthfully displayed
A God who rules with love.

THE SEWING GIRL.

God! she cried, is there no rest?
Can I no comfort find?
And must I thus forever stitch,
Stitch on until I'm blind?

'Twas ten o'clock! a winter's night—
This poor girl sat and sewed,
Till blinding tears her eyes had wet,
But yet she sewed, she sewed.

O God! she said, that bread and fire
Should be so dearly bought.
So many stitches one must take,
And for so little wrought.

The deadly paleness in her face,
Still seemed to grow more white;
While the dazzling brightness of her eyes
Outshone the stars of night.

Her tears fell fast, but faster still
Her thread and needle flew,
Till every flounce was in its place,
Frills, placed where they were due.

Thus, pieces lovely garments wrought;
But lovelier far is she,
Than brilliant gems, or diadems
Brought from fair India's sea.

Her pearly fingers, sylph-like form,
Would feast an artist's eye,
While the matchless beauty of her face,
Would with an angel's vie.

But yet this fairy creature toils,
To gain her scanty bread;
While poodle dogs in laps are held,
And bounteously fed.

O God! she cried, can this be right,
To heap so much of woe
On gentle.woman's loving heart,
While dogs are pampered so?

She would not 'gainst God's law rebel,
Nor taste unholy bread;
Although her soul was famishing
For what to dogs was fed.

O Angels! should she chance to err—
God only knows, she may,—
Let not her scribe who writes in Heaven,
Keep record of the day.

A MOTHER'S LAMENT.

I MIGHT not with such strength of will
have loved,
Could I have known, that direful fate
would blast
So sweet, and fair a flower.

I conned the precious treasure o'er—
'twas mine,
And in my heart, laid up full store
of love,
For years that might come after.

I watched her every waking hour
with joy,
And thought I ne'er had seen a flower
so sweet,
Nor yet one half so pretty.

No mother's love could be more strong
than mine—
'Twas essence from the love divine
for one,
Whom none was more deserving.

She seemed of me to be a part,
and was
The sum, and substance of my heart;
she made
My home a blissful Eden.

Yet she did not belong to earth,
and hence,
The angels sought her from her birth,
Heaven
Was incomplete without her.

The favored moment came at last,
and then
They took my darling, and with her,
have passed
Beyond the darksome river.

MAGDALENA.

WITH the anguish of her soul's unrest,
And hands clasped closely on her breast,
She raised her longing eyes to Heaven,
In search of peace, earth hath not given,

She longing looked to the ether blue,
Where angels seemed herself to view,
And wondered if their home so bright,
Might give her soul some ray of light.

And she clearly saw some garments fair,
Which looked like those she used to wear,
And with her eyes thus fixed on Heaven,
A matchless charm to her was given.

Oh, her robes with scarlet stains were full,
Yet they became as white as wool;
And for her anguish and unrest.
The peace of Heaven possessed her breast,

While looking still to the pearly height,
Another form appeared in sight,
Whose bleeding hands, and feet, and side,
Proclaimed for sinners He had died.

'Twas at the word of His command,
There came from Heaven a shining band,
And each one bore a royal crown,
For such as were with grief bowed down.

"Reach forth thy hand, a crown is thine;"
Were ever words like these sublime?
"The righteous came I not to save."
But sinners freely He forgave.

O Magdalene, and sinners all,
Who from your high estate did fall,
Here's loving kindness, full and free,
To wash all guilt from you and me.

The righteous have no need of Him;
'Tis only they who've tasted sin,
For whom our Savior cried—
"Eloi! Eloi! Sabachthani!"
And bowed His head and died.

A COMMON HERITAGE.

I.

EXULTANT Monarch! bend your head,
Why thy proud look and stately tread?
Why thy imperious, haughty will?
Thou dost a small commission fill.

II.

Wherefore the words of thy command?
Thou art a serf upon the land;
And even to thy utmost hour—
The mandates of a higher power

III.

Shall rule thee with a mightier hand
Than any power thou canst command;
Yea! even to thy latest breath,
When holding converse with King Death—

IV.

Thou still shalt feel this mighty law
Before which nations bend in awe;
And thou shalt own this power divine,
And bowing, worship at its shrine.

V.

Then, boast not of thy high estate,
For but one cause thou canst be great,
And that all men may claim.
'Tis that Jehovah's signet's worn
By all mankind, however shorn
Of worldly pomp, and gain.

VI.

'Twas by a Master Workman's art,
That every brow and every heart
Is more or less divine,
And man is either great or small,
As he partakes of what to all,
An Infinite hath given.

VII.

A common heritage hath all,
Jehovah God, hath deigned to call
Each, of mankind His child ;
And to each one a crown hath given,
That in the summing up in Heaven
There might not one be lost.

VIII.

Then, let oblations rise in praise,
To Him, who's numbered all our days,
And made His work complete :
The richest tribute we can bring,
Is reverence for our God and King
With love for all mankind.

THE ORIGIN OF LIFE.

THE race of life, where hath its bound?
Its beginning, where is it found?
Or whence its course doth flow?
In what dark age had spirit birth?
Was it before there was on earth?
Or life in empty air?

What womb of space with pregnant air
First found intelligence was there,
And thought was brought to life?
Was it before the shining sun's
Creative light began to run?
Nor moon, nor stars there were?

How grand the thought, how deep, how wide;
How fathomless thou spirit Bride,
First in the womb of Time:
Unnumbered ages have grown old,
Since first the spirit birth was told,
And God reigned every-where.

Eternal too, shall be the flow
Of mystic ages, where we go
When life's full course is run;
'Tis not for mortals to divine
The space in which there is no time,
And day no night may know.

There cycles unto cycles roll,
While countless ages, shall unfold
Their own great truths to man;
Infinite space he shall explore
And traverse every shining shore,
With God Supreme o'er all.

IN MEMORIAM. *

HAT dread alarm is this I hear?
What wail is this breaks on my ear?
Hath death, in unexpected hour,
Mowed down another lovely flower?

And hath the reaper gone his round
When friendly aid could not be found,
And with his scythe cut down the fair?
Was this the wail broke on the air?

Was no one there to smooth her brow,
No one to kiss or comfort now?
No one to give a word of cheer
When cruel Death was drawing near?

* Of Mrs. E. A. C., who was stricken down in an epileptic fit "From the bloom of health to the pallor of death" at the Russ House, San Francisco, May 11th, 1874.

No husband with a loving heart
To ward away Death's cruel dart?
No Father! Mother! Sister dear—
Did no one then to her appear?

No one! No one! How can it be
That one so good and kind as she
Should die alone? and no one near
To dissipate her every fear?

Though human aid could not be found,
Angelic hosts did her surround;
And with her passed the lonely vale,
Where Death can never more assail.

Then weep her not! though sad and drear
May be your homes without her here:
What she has gained, is richer far
Than all of earthly treasures are.

AT A DILAPIDATED GRAVE IN LONE MOUNTAIN.

THOU may'st have struggled long and well
To gain ambition, fame;
Yet thou hast scarcely left behind
The memory of thy name.

Is this the end? the final sum
That man may hope to gain?
The recompense for all his cares—
Reward for all his pain?

A narrow house, so closely built
That one can't turn him round?
And even that encased in earth,
Full six feet under ground?

Where creeping worms of slimy form
May crawl his body o'er ;
And human friends look on his face,
Ah ! never, never more?

Shut out from all the world of light,
From glory and from fame,
With single slab above his head,
On which inscribed his name ?

If this be all! the final sum
That's left us to attain,
How truly wretched then are we
How well we may complain.

MOTHER.

WHAT name on earth, is there so dear
As the sacred name, Mother?
What other word, can have the cheer
To soothe our brow and dry the tear,
Like the dear word, Mother?

Oh tell me where in Heaven, or Earth,
Another name is found,
So filled with hallowed memories
And with such joyous sound,
As that dear name, Mother?

What other name can wanderers hear
In distant, foreign climes,
To give fresh memories of home
Like that dear name of *thine*, Mother,
Like that dear name of thine?

What other name can have the power
To check a wild career?
And lead us back from untouched sin,
As the name we all revere,
Of blessed Mother dear?

What other name can melt the heart
That's hardened been by crime?
And give contrition to the soul,
Like that loved name of thine, Mother,
Like that loved name of thine?

Dearest Mother, thy precious name
Shall fall from lips in prayer;
That God will keep thee safe from harm,
And shield thee, every-where,
And shield thee, every-where.

CAN I BE FICKLE?

DEAR one, could I for sure depend
That thou wouldst love till life should end
Its weary pilgrimage,
I'd seek no other place to rest
My bruised heart or aching breast,
But in thy fond embrace.

I'd look me to no other sky
Than that in which thy charming eye
Would give my soul its light;
I d look me for no other joy
Than that which should my soul employ,
Forever loving thee.

I'd twine the tendrils of my heart
Where thou shouldst share the greater part
And be my chief delight;
I'd have one thought, and that of thee,
That where thou wert, there I might be,
And from thee never part.

No breath should cool my heated brow
But that which did thy love endow,
And wert of thee a part;
No lips should press their nectar sweet
Where mine, in unison should meet
Companionship of soul.

No other voice should charm my ear,
Be thou soever far or near,
I still would faithful be;
No other form should please my eye,
For thee, I evermore would sigh
And loving worship thee.

I'd ask no other earthly gain,
Forego all pleasure, bear all pain
To share thy love alone;
And only fickle would I be,
When feeling thou hast set me free
In loving yet another.

THINGS TO AVOID.

TWO things in life, there's to avoid;
Their steps, take hold on hell;
They'll prey upon your vital force,
And sound your funeral knell.

They'll fill your bodies with disease,
And worse, pollute your soul;
They'll rob you of life's happiness,
Your comfort, and repose.

They'll sever home, and family ties,
And give a mortal sting;
Nor can the smallest solace give,
For the misery they bring.

Twin Sisters these two vices are,
They flourish as the rose;
They'll stamp their imprint on your face,
Dishonor on life's close.

There's no disguise can hide the fact,
If these, are chosen friends;
Though frailty 's weak, she still is strong
In accomplishing her ends.

OUR DARLING.

E miss him! we miss him our darling,
We miss his sweet prattle and glee;
And we long once more to behold him,
Our darling that's over the sea.

The cot, and the cradle are empty;
The bat, and the ball on the floor,
And the drum, is still where he left it,
For Freddie will use them no more.

The birds, when they sing their sweet carols—
Sing lonely, and sadly to me;
And my heart, seems bursting with anguish,
For Freddie far over the sea.

The morning now dawns on us sadly,
Our souls with a weight is oppressed;
Our darling, we never may see him
Nor clasp his loved form to our breast.

The Angels, they came with a whisper—
So quiet none heard them but he;
He listened to what they said to him,
And with them, passed over the sea.

O Angels! come, once again whisper,
And this time, please whisper to me;
And bring me some news from my darling,
My darling that's over the sea.

O tell me, if baby is wishing
His mamma would come to him soon,
And if in his beautiful heaven
For all there is plenty of room.

O Angels! who cares for my baby?
Have you a blest seraph so fair
That, by her sweet, tender caresses,
He thinks his dear mamma is there?

I know that I hear, when I listen,
Sweet music from over the sea;
'Tis Angels, a lullaby singing,
And baby is thinking it's me.

A WIFE'S PLEA.

Dedicated to Mrs. Britannia Plinny Powers, of Detroit, Michigan.

LEAVE me in the early spring-time,
When all nature's bright and gay;
Leave me when the sun in splendor
Drives the shades of night away.

Leave me when thine eyes are brightest,
When the bloom is on thy cheek;
Leave me when thy perfect manhood
Health and beauty shall bespeak.

Leave me when the sky is clearest,
When life's stars full brightly shine;
Leave me when thou art the dearest;
Leave me when I'm wholly thine.

Leave me when the world shall woo me,
While its charms my soul engage;
Leave me in my health and vigor;
Leave me not in crippled age.

If thou must, O darling, leave me,
Ere the shadows thickly fall,
Leave me when the bloom of summer
May bedeck thy fun'ral pall.

Leave, oh! leave me not, my darling,
Though the blossoms bloom or fade;
Summer suns would pale and darken;
Deepest gloom my spirit shade.

Death would spread its sable mantle
O'er the scenes which I hold dear;
And though all the world were joyous,
My soul would be a fun'ral bier.

Leave me, darling, leave me never!
Fold me in your warm embrace,
Shield me from life's storms and battles,
Press me closer to your face!

Leave me not, oh, leave me never!
Let my heart beat close to thine,
While your lips with love's sweet fragrance,
Press their kisses upon mine.

Leave me not, oh, never! never!
Sever not life's bright golden chain!
What were all the joys of Eden
Should I not thy love retain!

Other ones might smile to woo me,
Other hands extend for mine;
But if thou with death wert sleeping,
My stricken heart would still be thine.

Leave me not, whate're the seasons,
In bloom of youth or trembling age;
Shine the sun howe'er so brightly,
Its beams could not my grief assuage.

Leave me not, oh, darling, never!
Ashes may unto ashes turn,—
But in spirit come thou to me;
For I would still thy form discern.

MY FATHER'S GRAVE.

WHAT pang on earth is there so great,
As that which pierced me sore,
When a loving Father bowed his head,
And was of earth no more?

That pang sank deep into my soul;
The joyous world seemed drear;
My heart was wrung with agony,
Tear followed *bitter* tear.

Fond recollections rise afresh,
But how their mem'ries sting;
No loving thought, or word, or deed,
Can aught of solace bring.

Such hopeless grief is this we feel,
None with it can compare;
For who may give us back our dead?
Who lighten our despair?

The grass shall wave above his tomb;
The winds shall moan, and sigh;
Him shall we never see again,
Nor feel his presence nigh.

Autumnal rains shall shed their tears
Upon his lonely tomb;
And winter winds shall sing his dirge
For ages yet to come.

THE OUTCAST.

HE died all alone,
And no one was near,
To shed for this Outcast
A pitying tear,
Or pillow her comfortless head.

She died all alone,
In darkness of night,
The stars looked down on this
Pitiable sight—
In wretchedness, want and in woe.

She died all alone;
Poor child of despair;
Was freighted with grief,
And laden with care—
Weighed down with the guilt of her soul.

She thought of her home,
And days of her youth;
Unblemished her soul,
And spotless as truth
Was her blush, in life's early morn.

But came there an hour
When, tempted by sin,
Like mortal, she fell
From sin unto sin,
And drank of the wormwood and gall.

She tasted the dregs
Of the bottomless pit;
Cast out from the world—
A thing, that's unfit
To mix with the rest of mankind.

They buffet and hoot
This child, in her crime;
More guilty are they
In eyes just, divine,
Than she whom they scorn in her woe.

Speak kindly to such,
And lighten their care;
Tell them there is hope
For those in despair;

Tell them, though erring,
That they may regain
Woman's high crowning;
But which, to attain,

They must abandon
The highways of shame,
And go, crown *themselves*
Pure women again.

She wandered from home,
Denying her name;
She would not pollute
Her parents' fair fame,
Nor mantle their cheeks with a blush.

She buried her grief,
And sank in her shame;
Down, down to the depths
She suddenly came,
And wondered if God was severe.

She raised up her eyes,
To offer a prayer,
But faltered her tongue;
'Twas mute with despair,
Though Angels were waiting to save.

Her prayer was a sigh
That God would be kind,
And hide in darkness
Her sins from her mind,
And give her composure and rest.

She longed for waters;
Stepped into the pool;
Drank of the fountain;
Was washed and made whole—
With Angels drew nearer to God.

Was heard there a sound
In Heaven so clear,
As when this sinner,
Repentant, drew near,
To sit at the feet of the Lamb?

Clothed in new garments,
With never a stain,
Came, as a Seraph
Or bright Angel came—
For God is forgiving to all.

"I WISH I WERE DEAD."

WISH I were dead!"
How carelessly said,
One bright and early morning.
Wish to be dead in summer time?
While life is scarcely in its prime?
Ere thy sun to noon has risen?

Wish to be dead!
How careless said—
How lightly it was spoken;
The summers' suns have ris'n and set,
In years but twenty-three, as yet,
And shone upon your head.

Wish to be dead!
For what wouldst die?
Hast thou no aim for which to sigh,
No object yet ere thou shalt die,
No purpose to attain?

Wish to be dead!
Hast thou fulfilled
The object of thy Father's will,
For which He sent thee here?
Is there no hope, thy soul to thrill—
No mission in thy life to fill—
That thou shouldst wish to die?

Wish to be dead!
Ah! say it not;
It cannot be thou hast forgot
There's seed and harvest time:—

The sun may hide his golden rays,
But yet there's plentitude of days
In which to prosper here.

Wish to be dead!
Thou hast no right
To wish that all this world of light
Were shut from out thy life—
This precious life thy God hath given;
And in thy aim if thou hast striven
To do His purpose well,
He'll crown thee with immortal life,
And thou shalt dwell where there's no strife,
In all the courts of Heaven.

CALIFORNIA.

Glorious land, where the sun sinks to rest
In the genial folds of Nature's warm breast;
And, resting his feet in the pulsating sea,
Comes with the morning, all radiant with glee,
And wooes me back to thy Eden of bliss,
Where Nature tempts Heaven with her balmiest kiss.

ANOTHER OUTCAST.

ANOTHER outcast, great God! here is found,
With naught for her bed but comfortless ground;
With naught to shelter, or shield her from cold—
The buffets of men, and scorn of the world.

Eyes, once like diamonds, outrivaled the stars;
Soul, pure as Venus, and lovely as Mars;
Moulded her figure, by genius and grace,
And carved in beauty, each line of her face.

Pity her, Seraphs, oh, pity! I cried;
Pity her, Jesus, in sin though she died!
Though wandered from home like Prodigal Son—
Pity her, Father! she still is Thine own.

Oh! save her to-night, though living or dead,
And, Heaven's pure Angels, shed tears on her head.
Oh! pity her, God, wherever she's found,
And let not a curse cry out from the ground.

Though marked, as was Cain, on forehead and brow
Once stainless her soul—oh, that it were now!
Canst Thou not shrive her, dear Lord, as of yore,
And bid her in peace, go and sin never more?

Jesus, our Saviour! she's praying to Thee—
She's heard of Thy love, and dark Calvary;
She's heard of Thy groans, and tears Thou didst shed
For those who in sin and trespass were dead.

She's heard that Thou lovest and still art with men;
Dost love and forgive, though sinners they've been.
Jesus, forgive her, wash out her stain;
Crown her, though fallen, Thy kindred again.

TO A FRIEND.

EM'RY, dear Memory,
E'er faithful and true,
Brings a halo of glory
When thinking of you.
The past and the present,
Too full for despair,
Bid me hope for the future,
And wrestle with care;
Bid me bury the past
As something that's dead;
Only live for the present,
Let dead bury the dead.

Yet one press of thy hand,
One look from thine eye,
Just one comforting word—
To know that a sigh
Is upwelling for me—
Life's ills would dispel,
And brighten the future.
Then tell me, ah! tell,
If of me thou dost think,
If still in thy heart
There remains but one link
Which binds me to thee.

CHRISTMAS.

ING out the bells, the merry bells,
Each joyous Christmas bell;
Ring out o'er all the happy land,
Your joyous tidings tell.

Ring out, ring out with joyous strain,
Peal forth in loud acclaim;
This is the year of jubilee,
Glad tidings now proclaim.

Good will and peace reign o'er the land;
No warrior's tramp is heard;
From East to West, from North to South,
Send forth the joyous word.

Ring out the call, the loving call,
That summons friends together,
And there let each in union clasp
The other as his brother.

Ring forth, ring forth in every heart,
Ring forth a song of praise
To Him, the ever living God,
The Ancient One of days.

TO A HUSBAND.

AY thine eye never shine less brightly than now,
Nor the rose in thy cheek become dim,
Nor furrow e'er wrinkle thy fair marble brow,
Nor a passion provoke thee to sin.

No tempter allure from the home thou hast loved,
From the wife and the child thou hast blest;
Ne'er permit any other to pillow her head
Where the wife of thy bosom should rest.

Oh, look not on her who would tempt thee to stray,—
On the form that bewitching, allures;
She's charms that may last scarce a full, fleeting day,
And their pleasures may tarnish thy years.

Look not on the wine when it sparkles so red,
Nor once taste of the full, flowing bowl:
'T will lessen the beauty and grace of thy head,
And the charm of thy generous soul.

THE FOUNDLING.

WHOSE child is this?
The Foundlings' Home
Hath found another charge—
Drifting on the sea of life—
A frail and tiny barge.

Whose child is this?
A tender waif
Bereft of father love;
None to guide its little feet,
Save Him who rules above.

Whose child is this?
What mother love
Hath been so turned to stone?
How could she thus leave her child
Abandoned and alone?

Whose child is this?
Ah! who can tell
What sea of human woe
'Whelmed in sorrow mother love,
In its divinest flow.

Whose child is this?
But here's a card
Upon the little waif,
Written in the finest hand
Which woman's pen could trace.

Upon its face and on its clothes
Are sprinkled briny tears,
Which fell like rain drops, while she prayed
That all the coming years
Would save her child from such distress
As wrung its mother's heart,
When forced by utter helplessness
From her first-born to part.
What untold anguish caused those tears!
How rapidly they fell—
Betraying by their overflow
A grief no tongue can tell.
No artist's brush could ever paint
Such poignancy of grief,
No human lips could utter words
To give her soul relief.
"O God!" she cried in her despair,
"How can I leave my child?

With contumely I am hissed,
My brain seems turning wild;
And love has changed to serpents' stings,
Which mock me in my woe;
And women shun me in my path,
As something vile and low.
Life's sweetest pleasures on my lips
Hang heavy, like a pall.
Oh! why, like Hager, am I left
In abandonment to fall?
And, like her, cast my child away,
Beyond a mother's care?
My only offering of love!
My God! in mercy spare,
Oh, spare me from this bitter cup,
This draught of deepest woe,
Which falls like ice upon my heart,
And freezes every flow

Of life's warm, gushing, crimson tide:—
Upon my frenzied soul
It casts a cloud as dense and dark
As did o'er Calvary roll."
And then, upon her bended knee,
With babe clasped to her breast,
Oh! how she plead with God in Heaven,
In anguish and unrest,
That He who feeds the raven's young,
And hears them when they cry,
Would not desert her darling child,
But would be ever nigh.
And then, ah! then, how tremblingly
She turned her wearied quest,
Where little foundlings have a home,
And here's another guest.

THREE LINKS—RESIGNATION, FAITH AND HOPE.

IS as the good angels would have it,
God knoweth and doeth what's best,
And from the dark waves which engulf us
We'll gather sweet comfort and rest.

Deep down in the ocean of sorrow
Lie hidden full many a goal;
We may from Gethsemane borrow
Rare jewels, as priceless as souls.

There flows with the blood and the water,
Which gush from humanity's side,
Such truths as we only may gather
When the thong and spear are applied.

The wine press which mangles and crushes
Each feeling and thought, as it rolls,
Distils, in its richest profusion,
The sweetest aroma of souls.

The thorns which imprint on our foreheads
The stamps of unutterable woe,
Are signets and seals of our Master,
Whose love never ceases to flow.

And the cross which all men must carry,
However so early or late,
Is a signal sent to them from Heaven,
And a pass at death's beautiful gate.

TO MASONRY.

YE noble men, Free Masons,
So staunch, and true, and tried,
Your faith is founded on the Word
Which good men ne'er deride.

Yours is the faith of Abraham,
Whose precepts were divine;
And all the teachings of your faith
Are squared by plumb and line.

'T was in the old Jerusalem
Your Craft was first made known;
Your members then were sons of toil,
Hewers of wood and stone.

Still later was your Craft confirmed
By the famous council Troyes;
Who, in their wisdom, understood
Your grand and holy laws.

Then on your altars there was laid
A holy, sacred volume;
In it is found your rules of faith,
Whereon rests every column.

Then, with foundations firm and strong
Your columns all upholding,
Still build upon the Book of books,—
God's sacred truths unfolding.

The corner-stones of nations all,
Bearing exalted name,
Are laid within your mighty Craft,—
Their principles the same.

The churches of the nations,
Whatever be their name,
Cannot excel, in all their good,
The glory of your fame.

Your hands reach out o'er all the land,
To help a needy brother;
While every orphaned child is thine,
And every widowed mother.

Your bonds of faith, insep'rable,
Bind each one to the other;
And you have yet another tie,
More strong than that of brother.

It wards off sad, impending fate,
And shields when can't another;
This is the tie that binds more strong
Than brother unto brother.

It makes the dark skin as the white;
The Jew and Gentile brother;
Here likewise meet the friend and foe,
And, meeting, love each other.

Then, with foundations firm and strong,
Your base, God's holy volume,
Still build upon the Book of books,
On it rests every column.

RETROSPECTION AND ANNUNCIATION.

HAT are all life's joys and sorrows?
What are all its griefs and pains?
What are all its disappointments?
What its treasures? What its gains?

Short lived moments, quickly passing,
Days, that change them into night;
Hours of pleasure change to sadness,
Darkness supersedes the light.

Hopes lie withered, hearts are bleeding;
Brightest prospects quickly fade;
Thorns are strewn along our pathway;
Clouds the brightest sunshine shade.

But a morn of bright awak'ning,
Where immortelles deck hill and glade,
Dawns on our expectant vision,
Flow'rs bloom there and never fade.

There we gain life's compensation,
Sorrows are exchanged for joy;
Hopes once withered bloom in beauty,
Pleasures tasted never cloy.

In that home is life's fruition;
Rainbow tints each cloud becurl;
And each drop of heart blood anguish
There becomes a shining pearl.

Crippled age returns to manhood,
Steps once feeble now are strong;
Health and beauty crown each forehead,
Sobs of sorrow change to song.

Hallelujahs now re-echo
All along the sounding shore:
Mortals catch the revibration,
Welding links forevermore

WOMAN.

WHAT, indeed, art thou, O Woman?
Heart with tender fibres strung;
Love enduring, never failing,
Though thy soul with sorrow's wrung.

Though thy prospects all are faded,
And thy hopes each one decay,
Thou dost bring thy votive offering,
Where hope's smouldering ashes lay.

Though dishonor crown man's forehead,—
He who should thy glory be,—
Thou wilt even bear his burthen,
Never asking to be free.

Through life's youth and bloom of summer,
Through life's bitter sleet and snow,
Thou dost follow man's meanderings—
Where he leads thou'lt trusting go.

Thou art seen in gory battle,
Thou art seen on ocean's main,
In thy woman's fond endeavor
Brother, lover to regain.

Glorious woman, wife and mother,
Truest love thy soul doth bear;
Never shrinking from thy duty,
Bearing patiently thy care.

Thou art found, oh, faithful woman,
Where the fever's scorching pain
Drinks up all of health and beauty,
Making mad the burning brain.

There with hand both soft and gentle,
Ministering with kindly touch,
Man doth bless thee as an angel:—
And, oh woman, thou art such.

In thy home, dear, priceless woman,
Thou art man's chief help and friend;
Thou dost make of life an Eden,—
This thy mission, purpose, end.

Thou art chosen, gentle woman,
By thy unexampled form,
As the mother of the Nations,—
Thou wast not for contest born.

But should misfortune call thee forth,
To stem life's stormy sea,
In noble deeds, or works, or faith,
Thou wilt not wanting be.

"Excelsior" thy motto, then,
O woman, doubly crowned,
For in thy perfect womanhood
Man's noblest gifts abound.

All that's good, and pure, and holy,
Finds embodiment in thee;
In thy being there is blended
Perfect love and trinity,

Noblest mission ever given,
Seraphs not so regal crowned
As art thou, oh, peerless woman,—
Heaven hath not thine equal found.

In thy soul, O matchless woman,
Thou hast fascinating charms;
And their power wields stronger weapons,
Than man's ballot, or his arms.

NIGHT.

OW gently fall the shades of night
In glimmering rays of softened light!
How spreads her mantle, cool and pale,
O'er mountain tops and pastoral vale!

How lull the weary ones to rest
Beneath the shadows of her breast!
How woos the world at day-light's close
'Neath coverlets of sweet repose!

Now hurries home on laden wing
The bee, who sweetest treasure brings,
Culled from many a shrub and flower,
From willow glade and forest bower!

How cattle, after evening's meal,
'Midst gathering shadows slowly kneel,
To chew again their midnight cud,
While jeweled stars the heavens bestud!

How men to homes or haunts repair!
While crouching wild beasts from their lair
Steal softly forth to prowl for prey,
Till night glides far from wak'ning day.

How women turn from anxious care
To closets where they bow in prayer!
Or o'er the narrow trundle-bed
Ask blessings on some flaxen head!

How laughing childhood goes to rest
Pillowed upon its mother's breast!
With feeble step how age retires
Unsatisfied with life's desires!

How sleeping birds on boughs doth swing
With heads concealed 'neath folded wing!
Or, sitting on some new-made nest,
Fold tender fledgelings to their breast!

How crickets chirp with joyful glee
'Neath hanging boughs on bending tree!
How frogs sing out their hoarser note
From marshy bogs where lilies float!

How sweet, night's cool, refreshing air!
How glisten dew-drops, pure and fair,
On blades of grass and tender flower!—
Bright jewels of the midnight hour!

'Tis thus the night is whiled away,
Till morn comes ush'ring in the day;
When men arise to meet life's fray,
Women to work, and watch, and pray.

CAST YOUR BREAD UPON THE WATERS.

AST your bread upon the waters;
They are winding to the sea,
And with human souls are freighted,
Destined for Eternity.

Cast your bread upon the waters,
Sow your costly, richest grain;
In the soul's eternal store-house
'Twill be gathered up again.

Cast your bread upon the waters,
Dry the tear from childhood's eye,
Speak a gentle word of comfort
To the beggar passing by.

Cast your bread upon the waters,
Hear the outcast's awful moan ;
Down into their depths of sorrow,
Let your love be freely sown.

Benisons of souls in anguish
Shall ascend to Heaven's high dome ;
When the Master says, "Come higher,"
They'll be written on His throne.

Oh! the bread shall all be gathered ;
For there's not so barren ground
But that, if the seed be planted,
There shall be a harvest found.

To the widow and the orphan,
Wheresoe'er distress is known,
Be it in the gilded palace,
On the wayside or the throne,

Be it clothed in purple vestments,
Or in rags on child of shame,
Every word that giveth comfort
Is the bread and golden grain.

And the spikenard and the ointment,
Which to use were thought not meet,
They were far less costly offerings
Than the tears which washed His feet.

And the widow with her offering,
Though it be an humble mite,
It shall be of greater value
Than the sacerdotal rite.

And the man who loves his neighbor,
Be he e'er so rich or poor,
He shall surely find acceptance
As a good and faithful doer.

And the Book wherein is judgment,
Which the final die shall cast
That shall gauge our hell or Heaven,
Will be the retrospective past.

Each one's soul shall be the angel
That records the deeds he's done ;
And so legibly be written,
They shall live though fades the sun.

Yes, the Book of Life shall open,
It shall be the living soul ;
And each page, whereon is written,
Will be a true and faithful scroll.

Mountains then shall fail to hide us,
Subterfuge to fitly screen ;
Honest, earnest soul-endeavor
Alone can wash the spirit clean.

SOLAR RAYS.

THY rays in streams of gladness
Make rich the desert place,
And spread a floral off'ring
Where reigned a barren waste.

They scent the sweet forget-me-not,
The violet, and the rose;
They paint the humble dew-drop;
The lilies' charms disclose.

They spread a blush of beauty,
To cover nature's mould;
And in their warm embraces
The grace of love enfold.

They quivered in the verdure
That clothed the forest wild;
And shone upon the rainbow
When first its promise smiled.

They send abundant fragrance
Through every flow'ry plain;
They ride upon the morning air,
And clothe the rip'ning grain.

They robe the royal heavens
With variegated light;
And, through the pale-faced lunar orb,
Dispel the shades of night.

DECORATION DAY.

SPREAD garlands of pansies and roses
O'er the graves where our dead soldiers lay;
For them build a temple of mourning,
And a shrine which shall never decay.

The Nation with turmoil was riven,
While death threatened in every throe;
The heart of the people was bleeding,
And their ensign was trailing in woe.

Then came to the front these defenders,
In the strength of their manhood and pride;
How bravely they fought our dread battles!
Oh! how fearlessly struggled and died!

They heard the fierce shriek of the battle,
The wild scream of the grape-shot and shell:
Yet, dauntless, they marched to the conflict,
To the field where they valiantly fell.

Then give your fresh garlands of roses,
Weave a chaplet for every head.
The Nation with homage is bending
O'er the graves of her Patriot Dead.

We owe them the deepest oblations;
'Tis a debt we never can pay;
Then spread your fresh garlands of roses
O'er the graves where their pale ashes lay.

These flowers, how well they're befitting!
Cut off in the full bloom of their pride;
Like the boys whose graves they embellish,
Ere the morrow they, too, shall have died.

But what of the brave ones who've fallen
Where the battle was fiercest, and hot!—
Whose graves are unmarked by a headstone!
Shall sweet florals for them be forgot?

For them weave your amaranth flowers,
Twine your crosses with fair immortelles;
For them ring your last parting salute
In the chime of your musical bells.

DEDICATED TO THE AUTHOR OF TEUCHSA GRONDIE.

IMMORTAL Bard! thy pen of fire
How well hath told of Indian ire!
How well proclaimed his love and hate,
His passion wild, insensate!

How well thou hast his story sung!
As though thine own were Indian tongue.
How deep the quaff thy soul hath drunk,
Nor from his passions base hath shrunk!

His tomahawk and scalping knife,
The war whoop and the festal strife,
The blazing fagot's fearful flame,
The white man's dread and Indian's shame,—

All these thy pen hath painted clear.
The hunt, the chase for antlered deer,
The harvest moon with fields of corn,
And squalid huts where scalps adorn,

Yea, of the wild, unlettered race,
Thy pen, O Bard, with skilful trace
Hath sketched his record full and clear;
His hope, his hate, his love, his fear.

The happy hunting ground hath found,
Where Bison, Bear, and Elk abound,
And streams replete with finny tribe,—
The blooming maid and blushing bride.

Yea, each of these thy pen hath traced;
Its record time cannot efface;
'Tis writ in many a purple flood
Of manhood's, and of youthful blood.

CHANGING SEASONS.

THE rolling years rush swiftly by;
The seasons, how they change!
From sear hoar-frost and wintry air,
The spring comes forth with violets fair,
Beneath the chilling snow.

And spring glides on to summer skies
Beneath whose burning sun
The little dew-drop folds its eye,
The tulip droops, and rose buds die,
Soft grasses curl and fade:

And summer lengthens out her days
To autumn's richest sheen,
Where rainbow colors deck the glade,
And forests bloom in many a shade
Of red, and green, and gold.

Then autumn crowds its onward way
To winter's chilling breast,
Where beauty lies in ice-bound shrouds
Let down from frosty, fleecy clouds;
'Tis Nature's funeral day.

PROVERB.

They who do no wrong
Fear no evil.

TO A PANSY.

BEAUTIFUL pansy,
With your purple and gold,
How marvelous the grace,
Which your face doth infold!
How sweetly you tell me,
That 'tis wisdom and truth,
Which is clothing your life
With the freshness of youth.
O delicate pansy,
With a modesty rare,
You are hiding your face
In bright velvet so fair.

Sure, God in His wisdom
Has given you a kiss,
With fragrance so luscious
That it woos unto bliss,
Where'er its pure touches
Dispense on the air
Such perfume as Heaven
Alone can prepare.

O pansy, dear pansy,
How I blush to behold
Your sweet modesty clothed
In such purple and gold ;
A prouder adorning
Ne'er graced kingdom or throne,
Than those which the Father
In your vestments has shown.

But tell me, dear pansy,
In that beautiful land,
Beyond the dark river
Of life's swift flowing strand,
Shall I meet you again
In lovely array ?
With bud, and with blossom,
For ever and aye ?

Oh ! I know you will live
On that beautiful shore,
Where roses and pansies
Will bloom ever more ;
For Heaven will be brighter,
Yes, more dear and more fair,
If pansies, dear Father,
And sweet roses are there.

NEVER FAILING GUIDE.

IT WAS in the gloomy garden;
Bitter tears were freely shed,
And the gentle dews of midnight
Fell upon the weeper's head.

And those tears have thrilled creation
With their majesty and awe;
For such wondrous love and pity,
Nor men nor angels ever saw.

He has heard my cry of anguish,
He has heard my bitter wail,
He has beaten back the tempest,
When too strong has blown the gale.

When my soul stood all deserted,
Then this Friend to me was near;
He has felt each wave of sorrow,
He has seen each bitter tear.

Yes, indeed, this Friend has loved me,
Been a never failing Guide;
And His angel guards attend me
Whatsoe'er my steps betide.

See His wonders in creation —
Change of seasons, day and night:
See the earth to give me nurture,
And the sun to give me light.

See the flora of His kingdom,
Varied as the stars above;
See the fruit and vegetation!
All these tell me, "God is love."

And the course of many waters
Filled with life of varied form;
And the cool, and shady forest
Resonant with birds of song;

And the gentle, pearly dew-drop
Falling from its height above:—
All were made by His good pleasure
To reveal a Father's love.

Yes, indeed, this Friend has loved me,
Stamped me with His signet ring,
Put a crown upon my forehead,
Calling me, "Child of a King,"

Fitted up a mansion for me,
Frescoed all its walls with stars;
And I see His royal vestments
In the rainbow's tinted bars.

AN ONLY SON.

I'M SAD to-night, I must have rum !
Let's see how many years have flown,
Since first I tipped the flowing bowl,
And drank such ruin to my soul.

Ah ! then I was a gay young lad :
No grief, remorse or sad despair
Had swept into my youthful soul ;
And yet I drained the flowing bowl.

I drank for joy, I drank for glee,
I drank when others drank for me,
Because it was the social bowl,—
The flow of reason, feast of soul.

And then I drank to pass the time,
As merry rang the tinkling dime;
The joke passed round, and then began
The ruin of an only son.

I'm but a wreck, a drunken sot!
By friends despised, perhaps forgot!
My gold, 'tis in the rum-shop tills,
To pay for rum and whisky bills.

Ah! can I, must I yet drink rum?
I, a poor mother's only son!
And drive her down with whitened hair
And trembling form to sad despair.

No, no! I'll break the galling chain
That binds the reason, soul and brain;
I'll dash away the cursed bowl
Which blights the body and the soul.

And then, perhaps, her smile will come,
As mother sees her only son
Is saved from whisky's awful brink,
Where many boys in ruin sink.

MAXIM.

Unkind words are the implements
Which dig graves in the human heart,
Wherein are deposited the ashes
Of love's funeral pyre.

NOTHING BUT ASHES.

OTHING but ashes!
The roses decay,—
Their beautiful bloom
Soon fades away,
And leaves
Nothing but ashes.

Nothing but ashes!
Oh memory, how sweet!
Its mystical charms
Are laid at our feet,
And yield
Nothing but ashes.

Nothing but ashes!
And is there no rest
For wearisome care
Which rankles the breast,
And leaves
Nothing but ashes?

Nothing but ashes!
For hopes and for fears,
For joys and sorrows
Which make up our years,
Is there
Nothing but ashes?

Nothing but ashes
On which to recline!
For famishing hearts
And souls that repine,
Is there
Nothing but ashes?

Nothing but ashes!
For prodigal son,
Or Magdalen's heart
Which anguish has wrung,
Is there
Nothing but ashes?

Nothing but ashes!
Has memory's chain
No link which exists
Beyond this refrain?
Is life
Nothing but ashes?

Nothing but ashes!
On which to bridge o'er
The dark flowing strand
To Eternity's shore,
Is there
Nothing but ashes?

Nothing but ashes!
Life's roseate hue
Fades on the lips,
Is subtle as dew,
And leaves
Nothing but ashes.

Nothing but ashes!
And is there no charm
Which shall the dark tomb
Of terror disarm?
Is there
Nothing save ashes?

Nothing but ashes!
The Crown and the Cross,—
Shall these be accounted
As idle, as dross,
Which yield
Nothing but ashes?

Nothing but ashes!
Dear Father above,
Thy boundless compassion,
Thy fullness of love
Turneth
Never to ashes.

FIRST GREAT CAUSE.

GO, ASK the tiniest blade of grass,
Fresh from its mother earth,
Whence came the germ from which it sprang
From chaos into birth.

Then ask the violet's velvet face,
Arrayed in beauty fair,
How was it that her colors came,
Wrought out by earth and air.

The violet lifts her wondrous face
Toward the ether blue,
While deeper paints the purple flood
Her velvet tissues through.

Next, ask the freshly budding rose
With offering of perfume,
Whence came her lovely, blushing face,
Her foliage, bud and bloom.

How silently she speaks to us,
With breath of sweet perfume:—
"God having touched the virgin earth,
Gave me my bud and bloom."

Go to the ocean's briny main,
Tossed on the billowy deep,
And ask his ever-changing tides,
Who doth his boundaries keep.

The swelling ocean from his depths
An answer doth proclaim:—
"Jehovah walks amidst the deep,
And binds the raging main."

Ask of the winds whose hoarser notes
Doth cause man's soul to quail,
How gentle zephyrs cease to be,
And awful storms prevail.

The zephyr whispers to the sea;
The sea gives back a moan:—
"God hath unchained his awful steed,
And hence the dread cyclone."

If thou can'st climb the starry heights
Go ask the God of day:—
Whence million orbs pursue their course,
Nor ever lose their way.

He answers through his burning rays
Of dazzling splendor bright:—
"God marketh out our every way,
And leads us in the night."

SABBATH.

OFT and gentle as a zephyr
Borne on summer's balmy air,
Comes the hallowed Sabbath morning,
Dissipating all my care.

For its quiet, sacred musings
Bring with it a joy divine;
And I get of heaven a foretaste,
Bowing at the Master's shrine.

I can look beyond the portals,
Hear the music of the spheres,
Hear the anthem and the chorus
Resonant through all the years.

I can hear loud hallelujahs
As they chime from shore to shore ;
Mortals stand within the gate-way,
Angels bridge the chasm o'er.

NOTHING LOST.

AH, who can tell
The first great cause?
Or who the mystery solve
From whence the mighty worlds come forth,
What law observes them all?
How swings each one in empty space
In its revolving sphere?
No jar nor discord with them all;
For law supreme is here.
We may not solve this wondrous power,
From whence or how it came;
For man is finite—this alone
Infinity can explain.

Or can the earthen vessel say
By whom or how 'twas wrought?
Nor yet can mortal man explain
God's purposes or thought.
Yet, sure it is, a First Great Cause
Has fashioned at His will,
Our very nature in a mold,
By His infinite skill.
As not an atom e'er is lost
In all created things,
Shall man declare that he alone
Of all God's mighty works,
Can find some spot
Where God can not
His conscious being bring?
What though we burn on funeral pyres,
Or sink beneath the sea,

Yet, in the Great Creator's thought,
Our being still shall be
A part and parcel of the whole
Which makes eternity.
And if the body which we see
Can never be destroyed,
What of the better part of man,
The image of the Lord?
This thing which thinks is matter, too,
An indestructible part,
And is of the Creator's works
His master-piece of art.

THE SERPENT OF THE STILL.

THE foaming bowl!
The accursed bowl,
The demon of the still!
A mortal pang
Is in its fang;
It fascinates to kill.

Yes, it enslaves;
It never saves
The victims of the still.
It puts a ban
On every man
Who feeds the rum-shop's till.

It scatters death
In many a home—
This monster of the still.
Its greedy maw
Defies the law
And murders whom it will.

A mother's joy,
A father's pride,
This Demon of the still
Has slain them by
A thousand score:
His license is to kill.

He threatens now
Our government
With his Satanic sting:
Our statesmen bow
Low at his feet;
For Bacchus is their king.

Then, rally! ye
Who love your homes,
And save your country's cause!
Nor let the friends
Of Bacchus make
Our Governmental laws.

Rally on each
Election day!
Bring out your forces strong,
And put to flight
The drunken hosts
That round King Bacchus throng!

Then, we shall have
A Government
Of which to proudly boast:
Nations and men
Will chant her praise
From East to Western coast.

RUM AND ITS VICTIMS.

EE staggering hosts of drunkards!
Their homes of squalor and woe,
Their wives sad creatures of sorrow,
Whose anguish God only can know.

Their children avoided by others,
Sad subjects of scorn or of fun,
Their father's a jest for the buffoon,
Miserable victims of rum.

The reeling form of the drunkard—
His mind, 'tis beclouded with rum;
His reason lost in the wine cup;
Hopes of both soul and body undone.

See the appalling procession!
Their agony, woe, and their tears.
See th' blighted hopes of their victims,
The misery crowning their years.

The cupboard guiltless of comfort,
The walls that are bare and th' floor,
The grief that looks out from th' window,
The wolf that stands gaunt at th' door.

The wife, sad creature of sorrow,
With her children hungry for bread;
The pallet of straw in the corner,
Their only excuse for a bed.

Oh! could I but paint these for you
With the nights of watching and pain,
When th' wife in her anguish sought you,
In the cold, in the sleet, and the rain.

Shiv'ring with chill at the corner
While anxiously waiting for you,
Her garments clung to her figure
Bespangled with fresh-fallen dew.

See the complete desolation,
The ruin which round them befell;
No promise of cheer for the drunkard;
In his life the torments of hell.

Manacles forged for his body,
And manacles forged for his soul,
Manacles forged for his freedom
Debar him from life's fairest goal.

Think of this then, O my brother—
Think of this, humanity's friend—
Think of the sorrow and anguish
Your ballot to households may send.

Think of the wild storm of sorrow
Of th' victim whom rum hath beguiled!
Think of the grief of his mother,
Oh, think of the grief of his child!

See them in the night's sad watches
As they wait for the late one's return;
See them as they watch at the wicket
For their husband, brother, or son.

The fire burns low on the hearth-stone,
And the oil burns low in the lamp;
Still at the wicket they're watching,
Till their garments hang limp with th' damp.

The light is burning o'er yonder;
One by one the customers go:
Some are pale with a drunken pallor,
Some are flushed with a ruby glow.

Hark! there's the sound of a foot-fall,
The unsteady step as it comes;
'Tis a raving, stagg'ring maniac —
This! this is the victim of rum.

Tell me, O Christ, my Redeemer,
Thou more than brother or friend,
Is there no hope for the drunkard,
No solace Thy gospel can send?

No mighty power in Thee to save
Th' rum-enslaved from a drunkard's grave?
No power to stay death's tidal flow,
Which surges in the ruby glow?

Angels drape their wings to behold
Th' barter of souls for glittering gold,
And wing their way with mournful sigh
Wherever wretched drunkards die.

A future, dark, breaks on their view
When falls death's pale and leaden hue;
Their souls are lashed before their God
With conscience's unrelenting rod.

O deep remorse, how sharp the sting
An outraged conscience memories bring!
How deep the wail, what bitter grief!
No Siloam's pool affords relief.

In deep despair they turn away
Where hope scarce yields a gilded ray.
And this their agonizing cry:
Behold, how wretched drunkards die!

And back to Heaven they send a wail
Which doth the powers of rum assail;
There, a righteous judgment's given—
That rum hath robbed these souls of Heaven.

O mad'ning rum! what hast thou done?
Murdered father, brother and son,
Deluged the world with black'ning crime,
Trailing thy form through th' ruby wine.

Oh, the rum, the accursed rum!
The sun turns pale at th' work you've done,
And night's stars blush with crimson hue,
While th' heavens shed tears in glist'ning dew.

WOMAN'S WORK.

HEN rocked the earth midst deep'ning gloom,
And darkness veiled the sacred tomb,
Obscuring earth and sky,
Then woman, like an angel, went
As if by heavenly influence sent
Her Lord to glorify.

Thus woman's work has always been
Where'er there's woe, or want, or sin,
To comfort and to save;
The last to linger round the bier,
And oft returns to sprinkle tears
Upon the lonely grave.

Her husband's heart she'll fortify,
And shape the mold in which the die
Of childhood's life is cast.
She weaves round home a magic charm,
And by her thrift and smile disarms
The power of adverse blasts.

Her work is not, as man's, intent
Old forms and laws to circumvent,
And set the world aright.
She reigns at home a regal queen ;
Her law of love is all supreme,—
And this is woman's might.

The home is where the battle's strife
For or against the Nation's life
Is fought with silent tread.
Then let your holy mission be
To set your sons and daughters free
From rum's influence dread.

This work belongs to woman's hand,
No other power can stay or stand
Against its mighty wave.
Then, sisters, rally and be true!
Your sons and daughters look to you
Their heritage to save.

Not with a frown, and chilling look,
Nor man, nor angel e'er will brook
Censorious scathing plan.
But with love's mighty power to win,
You may redeem the home from sin,
And save poor erring man.

A kindly look, a cheering word
Nor yet was seen, nor yet was heard.
But had a power divine.
The laws may all be set aright,
By woman's will, and woman's might,
If love doth these combine.

RUM-SELLER.

OT rum alone shall bear the curse
Which thy traffic doth to man disburse;
Thou hast scattered tares, and death hath sown
In the souls of those God called His own.

That fair, young boy, a mother's pride,
By your direful trade a drunkard died;
And that household draped in awful woe
Is a curse which from your rum-shops flow.

That father, by the road-side drunk,
That brother, in debauchery sunk,
That pale young wife with tearful face,
Bowed with the shame of man's disgrace,

That mother's agonizing heart,
Her trembling fear, her sudden start
As she hears her boy's leaden step,
When vigils late at night she kept;

When his reeling form came stagg'ring in,
Debauched with rum and steeped in sin,—
All these, rum-seller, will be arrayed
To curse the awful traffic of your trade.

Nor shall excuses serve you when
God in His justice visits men;
For then, rum-seller, thou shalt stand
Wearing on thy brow the murderer's brand.

What will avail thy hoarded gold
Gained by the rum which thou hast sold,
When conscience, furnace fierce, shall burn
Where'er thy restless steps shall turn!

When th' grave gives up her sleeping dead,
And drunkards rise from ashen beds,
Oh! then, rum-seller, thou shalt feel
A grief not heaven nor hell can heal.

What then shall be thy deep remorse,
When thou shalt see full many a corpse
Rise up again, and come in flame
To brand on thee the murderer's name.

That little babe on famished breast,
That mother, robbed of peace and rest,
That father's bowed and trembling form,
That sister's plea which thou didst scorn,

That drunkard's agonizing woe,
His mind bereft of reason's glow,—
These, too, shall come in burning flame
To witness thy remorse and shame.

What of the homes in ruin laid,
And of the orphans thou hast made!
What of the prisons and the jails
Crowded with those thou hast assailed,

And of the festering crowd that leer,
And stagger downward, year by year,
To fill full sixty thousand graves,—
The garnered crop of whisky slaves!

O righteous Judge! is mercy found
For men who have their neighbors bound,
And shackled them with galling chains,
Enslaving reason, soul, and brain?

Woe to the men, whose mingled drink
Shall drive their neighbors o'er the brink
Where hope is lost, and fell despair
Sits crouching in that dreadful lair!

GOD IN NATURE.

THE heavens, Thy glory, Lord, declare;
The earth, Thy works proclaim;"
All nature's ruled by Thy command,
And glorifies Thy name.

Eternal harmony is Thine
In heaven, and earth, and sea;
Thy home's throughout the realms of space,
Thy days,—Eternity.

Thou fadest not by length of years,
Nor yet by age groweth old;
All time with Thee is as 'twere not,
In Thee all things infold.

Or ever worlds began, Thou wert,
Or fade — Thou still shalt be ;
Eternal youth is thine abode,—
Thou fill'st immensity.

Thy holy temple's far beyond
The range of mortal thought ;
From out thy Sanctuary, Lord,
Thou hast creation brought.

There in that fathomless abyss
Thou walkest, Lord, alone ;
And wheresoe'er creation is,
Thou hast set up thy throne.

And in the finite realm of space,
Each grade ascending higher,
Thou hast evolved the human race,
Of which Thou art the Sire.

Man's heart to Thine so well attuned,
A living, thinking lyre,
Thou can'st within his being reign;
Thou dost his soul inspire.

Upon his brain Thou did'st reflect
The impress of thy thought;
And thus within man's conscious soul
Thou hast Thyself inwrought.

'Twas thus through organism came
The Seraphs in their line;
May be it were of finer mold
That stamped them more divine.

What though the mold were coarse or fine,
It changeth not thy plan;
Eternal life thou hast inwrought
Through intellectual man.

So perfect is his heart attuned
To that of thine own lyre,
Thou hast in him an essence found;
Of earth—'tis something higher.

And touched by thy magnetic will,
Responsive to thy thought,
Blending within his finer parts,
Thou hast thyself inwrought.

How wondrous is thy mighty love
In all thy works displayed!
In tempest,—in the tiny flower,
Thy glory is arrayed.

Oh! how shall man attempt to scan
The wisdom of thy will?
Whate'er of good there is—Thou art—
May be what seemeth ill.

Unknown, unseen, yet all around,
In every thing, Thou art,
Throughout all time, throughout all space,
Thou art the greater part.

The pearly dew-drop is thy tear,
Thou dost descend in rain ;
And yet to find thy dwelling place,
Has long been man's refrain.

Thou look'st to us through every star,
Thy voice is in the rill,
It speaks to us in softest tones,
And thunders, with it thrill.

We see thy majesty and power
In worlds revolving round ;
In everything by beauty shaped
Thy loveliness is found.

AMERICAN SLAVES.

AMERICAN slaves!
How many are we
Living on hill tops
And down in the lea;
Living in valleys,
On Ocean and Sea?
Ten hundred-thousand
Poor bond-men are we.

We suffer the blight,
We suffer the shame,
We feel the anguish
Of a maddened brain.
Yes, we suffer the taunt,
And we feel the jeer
Of the idle scoff
And the smirking leer.

And we bear it all,
This burden of woes,
For a curse that sparkles
And a curse that glows,
For a curse concealed
In the flowing bowl,
Wrecking our bodies
And blighting our souls.

American slaves,
The victims of rum!
There lurks in the wine cup
The adder that stung
Your souls with remorse,
And caused you to roam
As wandering outcasts
From friends and from home.

Turn from its meshes,
Its arts, and its wiles;
Turn from its lurements,
Its blandishing smiles;
Turn from its passion
All reeking with sin;
Turn from the wine-cup!
A serpent's therein.

IN MEMORY OF H. C. K.

H ! THE sad, sad hours of anguish,
Which rent a brother's heart with woe ;
Oh ! the galling throes of sadness,
Which did his noble soul o'erflow.

Crowded round his earthly vision,
Clouds of deadly, darkest hue,
Blotting out each ray of sun-light,
From his spirit vision's view.

Hope had fled from out its mansion,
Chased away by trembling fear ;
Angels well might weep with pity
O'er his sad, untimely bier.

When the poor came to his notice,
For their wants he freely gave;
When he needed consolation,
Who was there to help or save?

Happy they, who 'scape the burdens
Which his wearied soul had known;
Happy they, around whose pathway
Flowers with fewer thorns are strewn.

Judge him not, O erring mortals;
Heaven alone his jury be;
God discerns the secret impulse;
Men the outward actions see.

WOMAN'S APPEAL.

COME to the front! oh, rally, men, rally!
And by the ballots you each one shall cast
Drive from our midst the fearful rum monster,
Nor wait till another election has passed.

Rally! ye men who boast of proud honor.
Rally! ye men who have sisters and wives,
Drive from th' nation this horrible monster
Ere he shall destroy sixty thousand more lives.

Rally! ye fathers, men of the nation,
Hear ye the call of the wounded and slain.
Come to the front and rescue our brothers
Bound down in the coils of alcohol's chain.

Come to the front ! ye men who wear helmets,
On which are engraved love, mercy and truth ;
Come ! preach down this most cursed of traffics,
Which stings like an adder our beautiful youth.

Come to the front ! ye noble, true-hearted,
All ye who have borne the sorrow and grief,
Ye whose loved ones have been stung by th' adder,
Come, and demand through the ballot relief !

Waste not your time in idle persuasion,
Nor sit in a grief that's born of despair ;
Rise up in your might, demand of th' nation
Your rights which alone your wrongs can repair.

Your prayers ! your ballots ! cast them together
Into the scale of Justice and Right ;
They shall o'erbalance the mightiest army
Which right against wrong is called on to fight.

UPPER COLUMBIA RIVER.

Dedicated to Mrs. Capt. Hopkins, daughter of the late Col. Baker.

NATURE invincible, how gloriously grand!
What wondrous formation of rock, river and strand,
How marvelous thy teachings; what lessons untold
Of the ages long past thy formations unfold.
What wonderful blending of murky and blue,
Thy waters, Columbia, with the †Snake passing thro'.
We gaze in our wonder as thy beauties unfold
With their shadings of green interlaced with the gold;
Nor wonder that Nature's wild sons of this clime
Should see in thy presence an image divine,
And hear in thy murmur of waters and air
The voices of angels seraphic and fair.

†Snake River.

O dear land of the North, O wonderful land,
With out-stretching rivers midst gold-glinted sand,
With mountains rugged, prolific, and grand,
Surpassing in beauty, our homage demands.

O beautiful rivers, Columbia and Snake,
Near the town of Wallula thy beauties awake;
On the left, there's the *Giant* with its profile in rock
Standing guard to the passage its beauties unlock.
On the right are the *Sisters* with columns now broke,
Opposite, Crown Point is most clearly bespoke.
"Rock-ribbed," the mountains stand back to make room
For the newly wedded—for Columbia's proud groom.
The trinity of rivers here embrace in their glee,
Trip down to the Cascades, dance on to the sea.
Farther up, on the river, where Tou Cannon has fame,
There Captain Hopkins assumed Point Annetta to name.

The river's a marvel from its source to the sea,
With towns interdotting through mountains and lea,
Now, cities of grandeur with beauty of mien
Surrounded by mountains and forests of green;
Then, hills that are barren, rock-crested, and sear,
Where circles the eagle unmolested by fear.

And the prairies stretch out with high, rolling land,
Interspersed with many a swift-flowing strand.
Farther back from the river, fields waving with grain,
Deck richly the hillsides, the valleys, and plain.
Farewell! beautiful scenery, we pass from thy view.
Farewell! Harvest Queen, Captain Troup, and the crew.

OUR COUNTRY.

IN THE primeval morning time,
There Nature's quiet breast
Lay, in its virgin solitude,
Unbroken in its rest.

And no response from woodman's ax
Was heard in wood or glade;
The soil, unbroken by the plow,
Or by the gardener's spade.

The hills had slept in quiet mood,
The glade and plains among,
No clash of warrior's arms had there
Amidst their silence rung.

The birds, in sweetest, softest notes,
Their melody prolonged;
The eagle from his dizzy height
Shrieked out his clarion song.

The restive bear fawned with her cubs,
In playful, sportive glee;
The sighing water's peaceful breast
Rolled silvery to the sea.

The Indian roamed in stealthy quest
For game and antlered deer,
While not a thought e'er stirred his breast
That savored of a fear.

The prairies with sweet incense fanned
The early morning air;
The daintiest gifts that Nature planned
Sent up their voiceless prayer.

Where roamed the Indian for his game
Through glade, and forest wild,
There now is heard the song of mirth
From many a happy child.

Beneath our country's pillared fame,
A serpent's deadly coil
Lay silent in our Roll of State,
A monster to despoil.

Its circling, grasping, hideous form
Had been the people's pet,
'Twas handled with the softest touch
A nation's fears beget.

But on that pyre our sacrifice,
Undaunted, undismayed,
By North and South, in precious lives,
As offering was laid.

Convulsions shook like Sinai
Our Country and its pride,
Ere Justice gave the final stroke
From which the monster died.

Our Soldiers' Decoration Day!
We spread a floral pall
On graves of North, and South alike—
Our Country lost them all.

Here let us bridge the chasm o'er
Of fratricidal strife,
And stronger bind the welded link*
Which guards our Nation's life.

Now, Freedom reigns o'er all the plains
Throughout this vast domain;
The forge has turned to pruning-hooks
What once were galling chains.

*Liberty and Equity.

Our flag now waves in ampler folds
On every land and sea;
'Midst shot and shell has reigned supreme,
Ensign of Liberty.

O, eagle! rise on loftiest wing,
Ring forth the tuneful lyre,
Till Freedom's glorious harmonies
Each Nation shall inspire,

Till Liberty, as free as thought,
In equity shall reign,
And Truth and Science build a forge
To weld the golden chain.*

*Liberty and Equity.

NATURE'S OFFERING.

HERE the leaves shall talk together
And the answering waters sigh;
Where all nature joins the choral,
Tiny insect, buzzing fly,—

There the flowers ope their petals
Looking upward to the sky,
In their face of wondrous beauty
Offer incense well as I.

And the lowing of the cattle
Answering to the call amain,
And of th' heifer by the brooklet,
As she joins in the refrain,

With her neck stretched out and upward,
With her meek and wistful eye,
Worships God in every impulse
Well as you, O Saint, or I.

Nature all joins in the anthem,
Sings a song least understood;
There's no offering half so ample
As the wild, primeval wood.

Sings she in her leafy branches,
Sings she in her clustering vines,
Offers worship in the zephyrs
Whispering through majestic pines.

There the silver-luted songsters
Sing their vestal hymns of praise,
And their worship is as grateful
As the Psalmist's sweetest lays.

And the poor, unlettered Red-men,
Wandering in ancestral wood,
Have communings with the Father,
With the Spirit of all Good.

In the innocence of childhood,
In the unheard breath of prayer,
In the silent tear of sorrow,
Dwells the Lord God even there.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 016 165 446 2